The Grecian Daughter

Act. 2. Scene. 2.

Philotas — All her laws
Inverted quite, great nature triumphs still.

THE

GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

A Tragedy,

BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

W. M. Craig, del. *T. Bewick, sculp.*

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AUG

PROLOGUE.

[Peeps in at the Stage Door.]

Hip! music! music!—Have you more to play?
Somewhat I'd offer—stop your cat-gut, pray?
Will you permit, and not pronounce me rude,
A bookseller one moment to intrude?
My name is Foolscap:—all my troubles past,
Fortune hath given me a rare helping cast.
To all my toils a wife hath put a stop:
A devil first; but now I keep a shop.
My master died, poor man! he's out of print!
His widow, she had eyes, and took my hint.
A prey to grief, she could not bear to be,
And so turn'd over a new leaf with me.
I drive a trade; have authors in my pay,
Men of all work, per week, per sheet, per day.
TRAV'LLERS, *who not one foreign country know:*
And PAST'RAL POETS, *in the sound of Bow.*
TRANSLATORS, *from the Greek they never read;*
CANTABS *and* SOPHS, *in Covent-Garden bred.*
HISTORIANS, *who cann't write; who only take*
Scissars and paste; cut, vamp; a book they make.
I've treated for this play; can buy it too,
If I could learn what you intend to do.
If for nine nights you'll bear this tragic stuff;
I have a newspaper, and there can puff.
A newspaper does wonders! none can be
In debt, in love, dependent, or quite free,
Ugly or handsome, well, or ill in bed,
Single or married, or alive or dead,
But we give life, death, virtue, vice with ease;
In short a newspaper does what we please.
There jealous authors at each other bark;
'Till truth leaves not one glimpse, no, not one spark;
But lies meet lies, and jostle in the dark.
Our bard within has often felt the dart
Sent from our quiver, level'd at his heart.

I've press'd him, ere he plays this desp'rate game,
To answer all, and vindicate his name.
But he, convinc'd that all but truth must die,
Leaves to its own mortality the lie.
Would any know, while parties fight pell-mell,
How he employs his pen?—his play will tell.
To that he trusts; that he submits to you,
Aim'd at your tend'rest feelings, moral, new.
The scenes, he hopes, will draw the heart-felt tear;
Scenes that come home to ev'ry bosom here.
If this will do, I'll run and buy it straight;
Stay; let me see; I think I'd better wait:
Yes; I'll lie snug, till you have fix'd its fate.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

DIONYSIUS.	ARCAS.
EVANDER.	Greek Herald.
PHILOTAS.	CALIPPUS.
MELANTHON.	Greek Soldier.
PHOCION.	

WOMEN.

EUPHRASIA.	ERIXENE.

" The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the representation."

THE

GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter MELANTHON, *and* PHILOTAS.

Melan. Yet, a moment; hear, Philotas, bear me.
Phil. No more; it must not be.
Melan. Obdurate man;
Thus wilt thou spurn me, when a king distress'd,
A good, a virtuous, venerable king,
The father of his people, from a throne,
Which long with ev'ry virtue he adorn'd,
Torn by a ruffian, by a tyrant's hand,
Groans in captivity? In his own palace
Lives a sequestered prisoner? Oh! Philotas,
If thou hast not renounc'd humanity,
Let me behold my sovereign; once again
Admit me to his presence; let me see
My royal master.
Phil. Urge thy suit no further;
Thy words are fruitless; Dionysius' orders
Forbid access; he is our sov'reign now,
'Tis his to give the law, mine to obey.
Melan. Thou canst not mean it: his to give the law!
Detested spoiler!—his! a vile usurper!
Have we forgot the elder Dionysius,
Surnam'd the Tyrant? To Sicilia's throne
The monster waded thro' whole seas of blood.
Sore groan'd the land beneath his iron rod,

Till rous'd at length Evander came from Greece,
Like Freedom's Genius came, and sent the tyrant,
Stript of the crown, and to his humble rank
Once more reduc'd, to roam, for vile subsistance,
A wandering sophist thro' the realms of Greece.

Phil. Melanthon, yes; full clearly I remember
The splendid day, when all rejoicing Sicily
Hail'd her deliverer.

Melan. Shall the tyrant's son
Deduce a title from the father's guilt?
Philotas, thou wert once the friend of goodness;
Thou art a Greek; fair Corinth gave thee birth;
I mark'd thy growing youth; I need not tell,
With what an equal sway Evander reign'd,
How just, how upright, generous and good!
From ev'ry region bards and sages came;
Whate'er of science Egypt stor'd;
All that the East had treasur'd; all that Greece
Of mortal wisdom taught, and Plato's voice,
Was heard in Sicily. Shall Dionysius
Extinguish every virtue from the land,
Bow to his yoke the necks of freeborn men,
And here perpetuate a tyrant's reign?

Phil. Whate'er is right, to him in Syracuse
All bend the knee; his the supreme dominion,
And death and torment wait his sovereign nod.

Melan. But soon that pow'r shall cease: behold his walls
Now close encircled by the Grecian bands;
Timoleon leads them on; indignant Corinth
Sends her avenger forth, array'd in terror,
To hurl ambition from a throne usurp'd,
And bid all Sicily resume her rights.

Phil. Thou wert a statesman once, Melanthon; now
Grown dim with age, thy eye pervades no more
The deep-laid schemes which Dionysius plans.
Know then a fleet from Carthage even now
Stems the rough billow; and, e'er yonder sun,
That now declining seeks the western wave,
Shall to the shades of night resign the world,
Thou'lt see the Punic sails in yonder bay,
Whose waters wash the walls of Syracuse.

Melan. Art thou a stranger to Timoleon's name?

Intent to plan, and circumspect to see
All possible events, he rushes on
Resistless in his course! Your boasted master
Scarce stands at bay; each hour the strong blockade
Hems him in closer, and ere long thou'lt view
Oppression's iron rod to fragments shiver'd!
The good Evander then——
Phil. Alas, Evander
Will ne'er behold the golden time you look for!
Melan. How! not behold it! Say, Philotas, speak;
Has the fell tyrant, have his felon murderers—
Phil. As yet, my friend, Evander lives.
Melan. And yet
Thy dark half-hinted purpose—lead me to him;
If thou hast murder'd him——
Phil. By heav'n, he lives.
Melan. Then bless me with one tender interview.
Thrice has the sun gone down, since last these eyes
Have seen the good old king; say, why is this?
Wherefore debar'd his presence? Thee, Philotas,
The troops obey, that guard the royal pris'ner;
Each avenue to thee is open; thou
Canst grant admittance; let me, let me see him.
Phil. Entreat no more; the soul of Dionysius
Is ever awakeful; rent with all the pangs
That wait on conscious guilt.
Melan. But when dun night——
Phil. Alas! it cannot be: but mark my words.
Let Greece urge on her general assault.
Dispatch some friend, who may o'erleap the walls,
And tell Timoleon, the good old Evander
Has liv'd three days, by Dionysius' order,
Lock'd up from every sustenance of nature,
And life, now wearied out, almost expires.
Melan. If any spark of virtue dwells within thee,
Lead me, Philotas, lead me to his prison.
Phil. The tyrant's jealous care hath mov'd him thence.
Melan. Ha! mov'd him, say'st thou?
Phil. At the midnight hour,
Silent convey'd him up the steep ascent,
To where the elder Dionysius form'd,
On the sharp summit of the pointed rock,

Which overhangs the deep, a dungeon drear:
Cell within cell, a labyrinth of horror,
Deep cavern'd in the cliff, where many a wretch,
Unseen by mortal eye, has groan'd in anguish,
And died obscure, unpitied, and unknown.

Melan. Clandestine murderer! Yes, there's the scene
Of horrid massacre. Full oft I've walked,
When all things lay in sleep and darkness hush'd.
Yes, oft I've walk'd the lonely sullen beach,
And heard the mournful sound of many a corse
Flung'd from the rock into the wave beneath,
That murmurs on the shore. And means he thus
To end a monarch's life? Oh! grant my pray'r;
My timely succour may protect his days;
The guard is yours——

Phil. Forbear; thou plead'st in vain;
And though I feel soft pity throbbing here,
Though each motion prompts the gen'rous deed,
I must not yield; it were assur'd destruction.
Farewell, dispatch a message to the Greeks;
I'll to my station; now thou know'st the worst. [*Exit.*

Melan. Oh, lost Evander! Lost Euphrasia too!
How will her gentle nature bear the shock
Of a dear father, thus in ling'ring pangs
A prey to famine, like the verriest wretch
Whom the hard hand of misery hath grip'd!
In vain she'll rave with impotence of sorrow;
Perhaps provoke her fate: Greece arms in vain;
All's lost; Evander dies!

Enter CALIPPUS.

Cal. Where is the king?
Our troops, that sallied to attack the foe,
Retire disordered; to the eastern gate
The Greeks pursue; Timoleon rides in blood!
Arm, arm, and meet their fury.

Melan. To the citadel
Direct thy footsteps; Dionysius there
Marshals a chosen band.

Cal. Do thou call forth
Thy hardy veterans; haste, or all is lost! [*Exit.*

[*Warlike music.*

Melan. Now, ye just gods, now look propitious down;
Now give the Grecian sabre tenfold edge,
And save a virtuous king! [*Warlike music.*

Enter EUPHRASIA.

Euph. War on, ye heroes,
Ye great assertors of a monarch's cause!
Let the wild tempest rage. Melanthon, ha!
Didst thou not hear the vast tremendous roar?
Down tumbling from its base the eastern tow'r
Burst on the tyrant's ranks, and on the plain
Lies an extended ruin.

Melan. Still new horrors
Increase each hour, and gather round our heads.

Euph. The glorious tumult lifts my tow'ring soul.
Once more, Melanthon, once again, my father
Shall mount Sicilia's throne.

Melan. Alas! that hour
Would come with joy to every honest heart,
Would shed divinest blessings from its wing;
But no such hour in all the round of time,
I fear the fates averse will e'er lead on.

Euph. And still, Melanthon, still does pale despair
Depress thy spirit? Lo! Timoleon comes,
Arm'd with the pow'r of Greece; the brave, the just,
God-like Timoleon! ardent to redress,
He guides the war, and gains upon his prey.
A little interval shall set the victor
Within our gates triumphant.

Melan. Still my fears
Forbode for thee. Would thou hadst left this place,
When hence your husband, the brave Phocion fled,
Fled with your infant son!

Euph. In duty fix'd,
Here I remain'd, while my brave gen'rous Phocion
Fled with my child, and from his mother's arms
Bore my sweet little one. Full well thou know'st
The pangs I suffer'd in that trying moment.
Did I not weep? Did I not rave and shriek,
And by the roots tear my dishevell' hair?
Did I not follow to the sea-beat shore,
Resolv'd with him, and with my blooming boy,

To trust the winds and waves?

Melan. Deem not, Euphrasia,
I e'er can doubt thy constancy and love.

Euph. Melanthon, how I loved, the gods who saw
Each secret image that my fancy formed,
The gods can witness how I lov'd my Phocion.
And yet I went not with him. Could I do it?
Could I desert my father? Could I leave
The venerable man, who gave me being,
A victim here in Syracuse, nor stay
To watch his fate, to visit his affliction,
To cheer his prison hours, and with the tear
Of filial virtue bid ev'n bondage smile?

Melan. The pious act, whate'er the fates intend,
Shall merit heart-felt praise.

Euph. Yes, Phocion, go,
Go with my child, torn from this matron breast,
This breast that still should yield its nurture to him,
Fly with my infant to some happier shore.
If he be safe, Euphrasia dies content.
Till that sad close of all, the task be mine
To tend a father with delighted care,
To smooth the pillow of declining age,
See him sink gradual into mere decay,
On the last verge of life watch ev'ry look,
Explore each fond unutterable wish,
Catch his last breath, and close his eyes in peace.

Melan. I would not add to thy afflictions; yet
My heart misgives; Evander's fatal period——

Euph. Still is far off; the God's have sent relief,
And once again I shall behold him king.

Melan. Alas! those glitt'ring hopes but lend a ray
To gild the clouds, that hover o'er your head,
Soon to rain sorrow down, and plunge you deeper
In black despair.

Euph. The spirit-stirring virtue,
That glows within me, ne'er shall know despair.
No, I will trust the Gods. Desponding man!
Hast thou not heard with what resistless ardour
Timoleon drives the tumult of the war?
Hast thou not heard him thund'ring at our gates?
The tyrant's pent up in his last retreat;

Anon thou'lt see his battlements in dust,
His walls, his ramparts, and his tow'rs in ruin;
Destruction pouring in on ev'ry side,
Pride and oppression at their utmost need,
And nought to save him in his hopeless hour.

[*A flourish of trumpets.*

Mil. Ha! the fell tyrant comes—Beguile his rage,
And o'er your sorrows cast a dawn of gladness.

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, *Officers*, &c.

Dion. The vain presumptuous Greek! his hopes of conquest,
Like a gay dream, are vanish'd into air.
Proudly elate, and flush'd with easy triumph
O'er vulgar warriors, to the gates of Syracuse
He urg'd the war, till Dionysius' arm
Let slaughter loose, and taught his dastard train
To seek their safety by inglorious flight.

Euph. O Dionysius, if distracting fears
Alarm this throbbing bosom, you will pardon
A frail and tender sex. Should ruthless war
Roam through our streets, and riot here in blood,
Where shall the lost Euphrasia find a shelter?
In vain she'll kneel, and clasp the sacred altar.
O let me then, in mercy let me seek
The gloomy mansion, where my father dwells;
Idle content, if in his arms I perish.

Dion. Thou lovely trembler, hush thy fears to rest.
The Greek recoils; like the impetuous surge
That dashes on the rock, there breaks, and foams,
And backward rolls into the sea again.
All shall be well in Syracuse: a fleet
Appears in view, and brings the chosen sons
Of Carthage. From the hill that fronts the main,
I saw their canvas swelling with the wind,
While on the purple wave the western sun
Glanc'd the remains of day.

Euph. Yet till the fury
Of war subside, the wild, the horrid interval
In safety let me sooth to dear delight
In a lov'd father's presence: from his sight,
For three long days, with specious feign'd excuse
Your guards debarr'd me. Oh! while yet he lives,

Indulge a daughter's love; worn out with age
Soon must he seal his eyes in endless night,
And with his converse charm my ear no more.

Dion. Why thus anticipate misfortune? Still
Evander mocks the injuries of time.
Calippus, thou survey the city round;
Station the centinels, that no surprise
Invade the unguarded works, while drowsy night
Weighs down the soldier's eye. Afflicted fair,
Thy couch invites thee. When the tumult's o'er,
Thou'lt see Evander with redoubled joy.
Though now unequal to the cares of empire
His age sequester him, yet honours high
Shall gild the ev'ning of his various day.

Euph. For this benignity accept my thanks.
They gush in tears, and my heart pours its tribute.

Dion. Perdiccas, e'er the morn's revolving light
Unveil the face of things, do thou dispatch
A well-oar'd galley to Hamilcar's fleet;
At the north point of yonder promontory
Let some selected officer instruct him
To moor his ships, and issue on the land.
Then may Timoleon tremble: vengeance then
Shall overwhelm his camp, pursue his bands
With fatal havock to the ocean's margin,
And cast their limbs to glut the vulture's famine
In mangled heaps upon the naked shore.

[*Exit* Dionysius.

Euph. What do I hear? Melanthon, can it be?
If Carthage comes, if her perfidious sons
List in his cause, the dawn of freedom's gone.

Melan. Wo, bitterest wo impends; thou wouldst not think——

Euph. How?—Speak! unfold.

Melan. My tongue denies its office.

Euph. How is my father? Say, Melanthon——

Melan. He,
I fear to shock thee with the tale of horror!
Perhaps he dies this moment.—Since Timoleon
First form'd his lines round this beleaguer'd city,
No nutriment has touch'd Evander's lips.
In the deep caverns of the rock imprison'd

He pines in bitterest want.

Euph. To that abode
Of wo and horror, that last stage of life,
Has the fell tyrant mov'd him?

Melan. There sequester'd,
Alas! he soon must perish.

Euph. Well, my heart;
Well do your vital drops forget to flow.

Melan. Enough his sword has reek'd with public slaughter;
Now dark insidious deeds must thin mankind.

Euph. Oh! night, that oft has heard my piercing shrieks
Disturb thy awful silence; oft has heard
Each stroke these hands in frantic sorrow gave
From this sad breast resounding, now no more
I mean to vent complaints; I mean not now
With busy mem'ry to retrace the wrongs
The tyrant heap'd on our devoted race.
I bear it all; with calmest patience bear it:
Resign'd and wretched, desperate and lost.

Melan. Despair, alas! is all the sad resource
Our fate allows us now.

Euph. Yet why despair?
Is that the tribute to a father due?
Blood his is due, Melanthon; yes, the blood,
The vile, black blood, that fills the tyrant's veins,
Would graceful look upon my dagger's point.
Come, vengeance, come, shake off this feeble sex,
Sinew my arm, and guide it to his heart
And thou, O filial piety, that rul'st
My woman's breast, turn to vindictive rage;
Assume the port of justice; shew mankind
Tyrannic guilt had never dar'd in Syracuse,
Beyond the reach of virtue.

Melan. Yet beware;
Controul this frenzy that bears down your reason.
Surrounded by his guards, the tyrant mocks
Your utmost fury; moderate your zeal,
Nor let him hear these transports of the soul,
These wild upbraidings.

Euph. Shall Euphrasia's voice
Be hush'd to silence, when a father dies?
Shall not the monster hear his deeds accurst?

Shall he not tremble, when a daughter comes,
Wild with her griefs, and terrible with wrongs,
Fierce in despair, all nature in her cause
Alarm'd and rous'd with horror? Yes, Melanthon,
The man of blood shall hear me; yes, my voice
Shall mount aloft upon the whirlwind's wing,
Pierce yon blue vault, and at the throne of Heav'n
Call down red vengeance on the murd'rer's head.
Melanthon, come; my wrongs will lend me force;
The weakness of my sex is gone; this arm
Feels tenfold strength; this arm shall do a deed
For heav'n and earth, for men and gods to wonder at!
This arm shall vindicate a father's cause. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A wild romantic Scene amidst overhanging Rocks; a Cavern on one Side.

ARCAS. [*With a spear in his hand.*]

The gloom of night sits heavy on the world;
And o'er the solemn scene such stillness reigns,
As 'twere a pause of nature; on the beach
No murm'ring billow breaks; the Grecian tents
Lie sunk in sleep; no gleaming fires are seen;
All Syracuse is hush'd: no stir abroad,
Save ever and anon the dashing oar,
That beats the sullen wave. And hark!—Was that
The groan of anguish from Evander's cell,
Piercing the midnight gloom?—It is the sound
Of bustling prows, that cleave the briny deep.
Perhaps at this dead hour Hamilcar's fleet
Rides in the bay.

Enter PHILOTAS, *from the cavern.*

Phil. What ho! brave Arcas! ho!
Arc. Why thus desert thy couch?
Phil. Methought the sound
Of distant uproar chas'd affrighted sleep.
Arc. At intervals the oar's resounding stroke
Comes echoing from the main. Save that report,

A death-like silence through the wide expanse
Broods o'er the dreary coast.
Phil. Do thou retire,
And seek repose; the duty of thy watch
Is now perform'd; I take thy post.
Arc. How fares
Your royal pris'ner?
Phil. Arcas, shall I own
A secret weakness? My heart inward melts
To see that suffering virtue. On the earth,
The cold, damp earth, the royal victim lies;
And while pale famine drinks his vital spirit,
He welcomes death, and smiles himself to rest.
Oh! would I could relieve him! Thou withdraw;
Thy wearied nature claims repose; and now
The watch is mine.
Arc. May no alarm disturb thee. [*Exit.*
Phil. Some dread event is lab'ring into birth.
At close of day the sullen sky held forth
Unerring signals. With disastrous glare
The moon's full orb rose crimson'd o'er with blood;
And lo! athwart the gloom a falling star
Trails a long tract of fire!—What daring step
Sounds on the flinty rock? Stand there; what ho!
Speak, ere thou dar'st advance. Unfold thy purpose:
Who and what art thou?

Enter EUPHRASIA, *with a lanthorn in her hand.*

Euph. Mine no hostile step;
I bring no valour to alarm thy fears:
It is a friend approaches.
Phil. Ha! what mean
Those plaintive notes?
Euph. Here is no ambush'd Greek,
No warrior to surprise thee on the watch.
An humble suppliant comes——Alas my strength
Exhausted quite forsakes this weary frame.
Phil. What voice thus piercing thro' the gleam of night—
What art thou? what thy errand? quickly say
What wretch, with what intent, at this dead hour—
Wherefore alarm'st thou thus our peaceful watch?

Euph. Let no mistrust affright thee—Lo! a wretch,
The veriest wretch that ever groan'd in anguish,
Comes here to grovel on the earth before thee,
To tell her sad, sad tale, implore thy aid,
For sure the pow'r is thine, thou canst relieve
My bleeding heart and soften all my woes.

Phil. Ha! sure those accents— [*Takes the light from her.*

Euph. Deign to listen to me.

Phil. Euphrasia!——

Euph. Yes; the lost, undone Euphrasia;
Supreme in wretchedness; to th' inmost sense,
Here in the quickest fibre of the heart,
Wounded, transfix'd, and tortur'd to distraction.

Phil. Why, princess, thus anticipate the dawn?
Still sleep and silence wrap the weary world;
The stars in mid career usurp the pole;
The Grecian bands, the winds, the waves are hush'd;
All things are mute around us; all but you
Rest in oblivious slumber from their cares.

Euph. Yes, all; all rest: the very murd'rer sleeps;
Guilt is at rest: I only wake to misery.

Phil. How didst thou gain the summit of the rock?

Euph. Give me my father; here you hold him fetter'd;
Oh! give him to me;—in the fond pursuit
All pain and peril vanish; love and duty
Inspir'd the thought; despair itself gave courage;
I climb'd the hard ascent; with painful toil
Surmounted craggy cliffs, and pointed rocks;
What will not misery attempt?—If ever
The touch of nature throbb'd within your breast,
Admit me to Evander; in these caves
I know he pines in want; let me convey
Some charitable succour to a father.

Phil. Alas! Euphrasia, would I dare comply.

Euph. It will be virtue in thee. Thou, like me,
Wert born in Greece:—Oh! by our common parent—
Nay, stay; thou shalt not fly; Philotas, stay;
You have a father too: think were his lot
Hard as Evander's, if by felon hands
Chain'd to the earth, with slow consuming pangs
He felt sharp want, and with an asking eye
Implor'd relief, yet cruel men deny'd it,

Wouldst thou not burst thro' adamantine gates,
Thro' walls and rocks to save him? Think, Philotas,
Of thy own aged sire, and pity mine.
Think of the agonies a daughter feels,
When thus a parent wants the common food,
The bounteous hand of nature meant for all
Phil. 'Twere best withdraw thee, princess; thy assistance.
Evander wants not; it is fruitless all;
Thy tears, thy wild entreaties, are in vain.
Euph. Ha!—thou hast murder'd him; he is no more;—
I understand thee;—butchers, you have shed
The precious drops of life; yet, e'en in death,
Let me behold him; let a daughter close
With duteous hand a father's beamless eyes;
Print her last kisses on his honour'd hand,
And lay him decent in the shroud of death.
Phil. Alas! this frantic grief can nought avail.
Retire, and seek the couch of balmy sleep,
In this dead hour, this season of repose.
Euph. And dost thou then, inhuman that thou art,
Advise a wretch like me to know repose?
This is my last abode: these caves, these rocks,
Shall wring for ever with Euphrasia's wrongs;
All Sicily shall hear me; yonder deep
Shall echo back an injur'd daughter's cause;
Here will I dwell, and rave, and shriek, and give
These scatter'd locks to all the passing winds;
Call on Evander lost; and, pouring curses,
And cruel gods, and cruel stars invoking,
Stand on the cliff in madness and despair.
Phil. Yet calm this violence; reflect Euphrasia,
With what severe enforcement Dionysius
Exacts obedience to his dread command.
If here thou'rt found——
Euph. Here is Euphrasia's mansion, [*Falls on the ground.*
Here fix'd eternal home;—inhuman savages,
Here stretch me with a father's murder'd corse;
Then heap your rocks, your mountains on my head;
It will be kindness in you; I shall rest
Entomb'd within a parent's arms.
Phil. By heaven,
My heart in pity bleeds.

Euph. Talk'st thou of pity?
Yield to the gen'rous instinct; grant my pray'r;
Let my eyes view him, gaze their last upon him,
And shew you have some sense of human wo.

Phil. Her vehemence of grief o'erpow'rs me quite.
My honest heart condemns the barb'rous deed.
And if I dare——

Euph. And if you dare!—Is that
The voice of manhood? Honest, if you dare!
'Tis the slave's virtue! 'tis the utmost limit
Of the base coward's honour.—Not a wretch,
There's not a villain, not a tool of pow'r,
But, silence interest, extinguish fear,
And he will prove benevolent to man.
The gen'rous heart does more: will dare to all
That honour prompts.——How dost thou dare to murder?
Respect the gods, and know no other fear.

Phil. No other fear assails this warlike breast.
I pity your misfortunes; yes, by Heav'n,
My heart bleeds for you. Gods! you've touch'd my soul!
The gen'rous impulse is not giv'n in vain.
I feel thee, Nature, and I dare obey.
Oh! thou hast conquer'd.—Go, Euphrasia, go,
Behold thy father.

Euph. Raise me, raise me up;
I'll bathe thy hand with tears, thou gen'rous man!

Phil Yet mark my words; if aught of nourishment
Thou wouldst convey, my partners of the watch
Will ne'er consent.

Euph. I will observe your orders:
On any terms, oh! let me, let me see him.

Phil. Yon lamp will guide thee thro' the cavern'd way.

Euph. My heart runs o'er in thanks; the pious act
Timoleon shall reward; the bounteous gods,
And thy own virtue shall reward the deed.

[*Goes into the cave.*

Phil. Prevailing, powerful virtue!—Thou subduest
The stubborn heart, and mould'st it to thy purpose.
Would I could save them!—But tho' not for me
The glorious pow'r to shelter innocence,
Yet for a moment to assuage its woes,
Is the best sympathy, the purest joy

Nature intended for the heart of man,
When thus she gave the social gen'rous tear. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The inside of the cavern. *Enter* ARCAS *and* EUPHRASIA.

Arc. No; on my life I dare not.
Euph. But a small,
A wretched pittance; one poor cordial drop
To renovate exhausted drooping age.
I ask no more.
Arc. Not the smallest store
Of scanty nourishment must pass these walls,
Our lives were forfeit else: a moment's parley
Is all I grant; in yonder cave he lies.
Evan. [*Within the cell.*] Oh, struggling nature! let thy conflict end.
Oh! give me, give me rest.
Euph My father's voice!
It pierces here! it cleaves my very heart.
I shall expire, and never see him more.
Arc. Repose thee, princess, here, [*Draws a couch.*] here rest thy limbs,
Till the returning blood shall lend thee firmness.
Euph. The caves, the rocks, re-echo to his groans!
And is there no relief?
Arc. All I can grant
You shall command. I will unbar the dungeon,
Unloose the chain that binds him to the rock,
And leave your interview without restraint.
[*Opens a cell in the back scene.*
Euph. Hold, hold my heart! Oh! how shall I sustain
The agonizing scene? [*Rises*] I must behold him;
Nature that drives me on, will lend me force.
Is that my father.
Arc. Take your last farewell.
His vigour seems not yet exhausted quite.
You must be brief, or ruin will ensue. [*Exit.*
Evan. [*Raising himself.*] Oh! when shall I get free?—
These ling'ring pangs—
Euph. Behold, ye pow'rs, that spectacle of wo!
Evan. Disatpch me, pitying gods, and save my child!

I burn, I burn; alas! no place of rest: [*Rises and comes out.*
A little air; once more a breath of air;
Alas! I faint; I die.
Euph. Heart-piercing sight!
Let me support you, sir.
Evan. Oh! lend your arm.
Whoe'er thou art, I thank thee: that kind breeze
Comes gently o'er my senses—lead me forward:
And is there left one charitable hand
To reach its succours to a wretch like me?
Euph. Well mayest thou ask it. Oh, my breaking heart!
The hand of death is on him.
Evan. Still a little,
A little onward to the air conduct me;
'Tis well;—I thank thee; thou art kind and good,
And much I wonder at this gen'rous pity.
Euph. Do thou not know me, sir?
Evan. Methinks I know
That voice: art thou—alas! my eyes are dim!
Each object swims before me—No, in truth
I do not know thee.
Euph. Not your own Euphrasia?
Evan. Art thou my daughter?
Euph. Oh, my honour'd sire!
Evan. My daughter, my Euphrasia? come to close
A father's eyes! Giv'n to my last embrace!
Gods! do I hold her once again? Your mercies
Are without number. [*Falls on the couch.*
This excess of bliss
O'erpow'rs; it kills; Euphrasia—could I hope it?
I die content—Art thou indeed my daughter?
Thou art; my hand is moisten'd with thy tears:
I pray you do not weep—thou art my child:
I thank you, gods! in my last dying moments
You have not left me—I would pour my praise;
But, oh, your goodness overcomes me quite!
You read my heart; you see what passes there.
Euph. Alas, he faints; the gushing tide of transport
Bears down each feeble sense: restore him, Heav'n!
Evan. All, my Euphrasia, all will soon be well.
Pass but a moment, and this busy globe,
Its thrones, its empires, and its bustling millions,

Will seem a speck in the great void of space.
Yet while I stay, thou darling of my age!
Nay, dry those tears.
Euph. I will, my father.
Evan. Where,
I fear to ask it, where is virtuous Phocion?
Euph. Fled from the tyrant's pow'r.
Evan. and left thee here
Expos'd and helpless?
Euph. He is all truth and honour:
He fled to save my child.
Evan. My young Evander!
Your boy is safe, Euphrasia?—Oh, my heart!
Alas! quite gone; worn out with misery;
Oh, weak, decay'd old man!
Euph. Inhuman wretches!
Will none relieve his want? A drop of water
Might save his life; and ev'n that's deny'd him.
Evan. These strong emotions—Oh! that eager air—
It is too much—assist me; bear me hence;
And lay me down in peace.
Euph. His eyes are fix'd!
And those pale quiv'ring lips! He clasps my hand:
What, no assistance! Monsters, will you thus
Let him expire in these weak feeble arms?

Enter PHILOTAS.

Phil. Those wild, those piercing shrieks will give th' alarm.
Euph. Support him; bear him hence; 'tis all I ask.
Evan. [*As he is carried off*] O, Death! where art thou? Death, thou dread of guilt.
Thou wish of innocence, affliction's friend,
Tir'd Nature calls thee; come, in mercy come,
And lay me pillow'd in eternal rest.
My child—where art thou? give me; reach thy hand,
Why dost thou weep?—My eyes are dry—Alas!
Quite parch'd, my lips—quite parch'd, they cleave together.
Euph. Now judge ye Pow'rs, in the whole round of time,
If e'er you view'd a scene of wo like this. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ARCAS.

Arc. The grey of morn breaks thro' yon eastern clouds.
'Twere time this interview should end: the hour
Now warns Euphrasia hence: what man could dare,
I have indulg'd—Philotas!—ha! the cell
Left void!—Evander gone!—What may this mean?
Philotas, speak.

Enter PHILOTAS.

Phil. Oh! vile detested lot,
Here to obey the savage tyrant's will,
And murder virtue, that can thus behold
Its executioner, and smile upon him.
That piteous sight!

Arc. She must withdraw, Philotas;
Delay undoes us both. The restless main.
Glows with the blush of day. Timoleon's fleet,
That pass'd the night in busy preparation,
Makes from the shore. On the high craggy point
Of yonder jutting eminence I mark'd
Their haughty streamers curling to the wind.
He seeks Hamilcar's fleet. The briny deep
Shall soon be dy'd with blood The fierce alarm
Will rouse our slumb'ring troops. The time requires,
Without her further pause, or vain excuse,
That she depart this moment.

Phil. Arcas, yes;
My voice shall warn her of her approaching danger. [*Exit.*

Arc. Would she had ne'er adventur'd to our guard.
I dread th' event; and hark!—the wind conveys
In clearer sound the uproar of the main.
The fates prepare new havock; on th' event
Depends the fate of empire. Wherefore thus
Delays Euphrasia?—Ha! what means, Philotas,
That sudden haste, that pale disorder'd look?

Enter PHILOTAS.

Phil. O! I can hold no more; at such a sight
Ev'n the hard heart of tyranny would melt
To infant softness. Arcas, go, behold
The pious fraud of charity and love;
Behold that unexampled goodness

See th' expedient sharp necessity has taught her;
Thy heart will burn, will melt, will yearn to view
A child like her.

Arc. Ha!—Say what mystery
Wakes these emotions!

Phil. Wonder-working virtue!
The father foster'd at his daughter's breast!
O, filial piety!—The milk design'd
For her own offspring, on the parent's lip
Allays the parching fever.

Arc. That device
Has she then form'd, eluding all our care,
To minister relief?

Phil. On the bare earth
Evander lies; and as his languid pow'rs
Imbibe with eager thirst the kind refreshment,
And his looks speak unutterable thanks,
Euphrasia views him with the tend'rest glance,
Ev'n as a mother doating on her child;
And, ever and anon, amidst the smiles
Of pure delight, of exquisite sensation,
A silent tear steals down; the tear of virtue,
That sweetens grief to rapture. All her laws
Inverted quite, great Nature triumphs still.

Arc. The tale unmans my soul.

Phil. Ye tyrants hear it,
And learn, that, while your cruelty prepares
Unheard of torture, virtue can keep pace
With your worst efforts, and can try new modes
To bid men grow enamour'd of her charms.

Arc. Philotas, for Euphrasia, in her cause
I now can hazard all. Let us preserve
Her father for her.

Phil. Oh! her lovely daring
Transcends all praise. By heav'n he shall not die.

Arc. And yet we must be wary; I'll go forth,
And first explore each avenue around
Lest the fix'd sentinel obstruct your purpose. [*Exit.*

Phil. I thank thee, Arcas; we will act like men
Who feel for others woes—She leads him forth,
And tremblingly supports his drooping age.
[*Goes to assist him.*

Enter EUPHRASIA, *and* EVANDER.

Evan. Euphrasia, oh, my child! returning life
Glows here about my heart. Conduct me forward:
At the last gasp preserv'd! Ha! dawning light!
Let me behold; in faith I see thee now;
I do indeed: the father sees his child

Euph. I have reliev'd him—Oh! the joy's too great;
'Tis speechless rapture!

Evan. Blessings, blessings on thee!

Euph. My father still shall live. Alas! Philotas,
Could I abandon that white hoary head,
That venerable form?—Abandon him
To perish here in misery and famine?

Phil. Thy tears, thou miracle of goodness!
Have triumph'd o'er me; these round gushing drops
Attest your conquest. Take him, take your father;
Convey him hence; I do release him to you.

Evan. What said Philotas! Do I fondly dream?
Indeed my senses are imperfect; yet
Methought I heard him! Did he say release me?

Phil. Thou art my king, and now no more my pris'ner;
Go with your daughter, with that wondrous pattern
Of filial piety to after times.
Yes, princess, lead him forth; I'll point the path,
Whose soft declivity will guide your steps
To the deep vale, which these o'er-hanging rocks
Encompass round. You may convey him thence
To some safe shelter. Yet a moment's pause;
I must conceal your flight from ev'ry eye.
Yes, I will save 'em—Oh, returning virtue!
How big with joy one moment in thy service!
That wretched pair! I'll perish in their cause. [*Exit.*

Evan. Whither, oh! whither shall Evander go?
I'm at the goal of life; if in the race
Honour has follow'd with no ling'ring step,
But there sits smiling with her laurel'd wreath
To crown my brow, there wou'd I fain make halt,
And not inglorious lay me down to rest.

Euph. And will you then refuse, when thus the gods
Afford a refuge for thee?

Evan. Oh! my child

There is no refuge for me.

Euph. Pardon, sir:
Euphrasia's care has form'd a safe retreat;
There may'st thou dwell; it will not long be wanted.
Soon shall Timoleon, with resistless force,
Burst yon devoted walls.

Evan. Timoleon!

Euph. Yes,
The brave Timoleon, with the pow'r of Greece;
Another day shall make the city his.

Evan. Timoleon come to vindicate my rights!
Oh! thou shalt reign in Sicily! my child
Shall grace her father's throne. Indulgent Heav'n!
Pour down your blessings on this best of daughters;
To her and Phocion give Evander's crown;
Let them, oh! let them both in virtue wear it,
And in due time transmit it to their boy!

Enter PHILOTAS.

Phil. All things are apt; the drowsy sentinel
Lies hush'd in sleep; I'll marshall thee the way
Down the steep rock.

Euph. Oh! let us quickly hence.

Evan. The blood but loiters in these frozen veins.
Do you, whose youthful spirit glows with life,
Do you go forth, and leave this mould'ring corse.
To me had Heav'n decreed a longer date,
It ne'er had suffer'd a fell monster's reign.
Nor let me see the carnage of my people.
Farewell, Euphrasia; in one lov'd embrace
To these remains pay the last obsequies,
And leave me here to sink to silent dust.

Euph. And will you then, on self-destruction bent,
Reject my pray'r, nor trust your fate with me?

Evan. Trust thee! Euphrasia? Trust in thee, my child?
Though life's a burden I could well lay down,
Yet I will prize it, since bestow'd by thee.
Oh! thou art good; thy virtue soars a flight
For the wide world to wonder at; in thee,
Hear it all nature, future ages hear it,
The father finds a parent in his child. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Rampart near the Harbour. Enter MELANTHON *and* PHILOTAS.

Melan. And lives he still?
Phil. He does; and kindly aliment
Renews the springs of life.
Melan. And doth he know
The glorious work the destinies prepare?
Phil. He is inform'd of all.
Melan. That Greek Timoleon
Comes his deliverer, and the fell usurper
Pants in the last extreme?
Phil. The glorious tidings
Have reach'd his ear.
Melan. Lead on, propitious Pow'rs!
Your great design; second the Grecian arms,
And whelm the sons of Carthage in the deep.
Phil. This hour decides their doom; and lo! Euphrasia
Stands on the jutting rock, that rock, where oft
Whole days she sat in pensive sorrow fix'd,
And swell'd with streaming tears the restless deep.
There, now with other sentiments elate,
She views Timoleon with victorious prow
Glide thro' the waves, and sees the scatter'd navy
Of Carthage fly before him.
Melan. Blest event!
Evander, if thou mock'st me not, shall live
Once more to see the justice of the gods.
But wilt thou still protect my royal master?
Wilt thou admit me to his wish'd-for presence?
Phil. Let it suffice that no assassin's aim
Can now assault him: I must hence, Melanthon;
I now must mingle with the tyrant's train,
And, with a semblance of obsequious duty,
Delude suspicion's eye: My friend, farewell. [*Exit.*
Melan. If he deceive me not with specious hopes,
I shall behold the sov'reign, in whose service
These temples felt the iron casque of war,
And these white hairs have silver'd o'er my head.

Enter EUPHRASIA.

Euph. See there; behold 'em; lo! the fierce encounter;
He rushes on; the ocean flames around
With the bright flash of arms; the echoing hills
Rebellow to the roar.
Melan. The gods are with us,
And victory is ours.
Euph. High on the stern
The Grecian leaders stand: they stem the surge;
Launch'd from their arms the missive lightnings fly,
And the Barbaric fleet is wrapt in fire.
And lo! yon bark, down in the roaring gulph;
And there, more, more are perishing—Behold!
They plunge for ever lost.
Melan. So perish all,
Who from yon continent unfurl their sails,
To shake the freedom of this sea-girt isle!
Euph. Did I not say, Melanthon, did I not
Presage the glories of Timoleon's triumph!
Where now are Afric's sons? The vanquish'd tyrant
Shall look aghast; his heart shall shrink appall'd,
And dread his malefactions! Worse than famine,
Despair shall fasten on him!

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, *&c.*

Dion. Base Deserters!
Curse on their Punic faith! Did they once dare
To grapple with the Greek? Ere yet the main
Was ting'd with blood, they turn'd their ships averse.
May storms and tempests follow in their rear,
And dash their fleet upon the Libyan shore!

Enter CALIPPUS.

Cal. My liege, Timoleon where the harbour opens
Has storm'd the forts, and ev'n now his fleet
Pursues its course, and steers athwart the bay.
Dion. Ruin impends; and yet, if fall it must,
I bear a mind to meet it, undismay'd,
Unconquer'd even by fate.
Cal. Through ev'ry street

Despair and terror fly. A panic spreads
From man to man, and superstition sees
Jove arm'd with thunder, and the gods against us.
Dion. With sacred rites their wrath must be appeas'd.
Let instant victims at the altar bleed;
Let incense roll its fragrant clouds to Heav'n,
And pious matrons, and the virgin train,
In slow procession to the temple bear
The image of their gods.
Euph. Ha!—Does the tyrant
Dare with unhallow'd step, with crimes and guilt,
Approach the sacred fane?—Alas! my father,
Where now thy sanctuary? What place shall hide
Thy persecuted virtue? [*Aside.*
Dion. Thou, Euphrasia,
Lead forth the pious band. This very moment
Issue our orders.
Euph. With consenting heart
Euphrasia goes to waft her pray'rs to Heav'n. [*Exit.*
Dion. The solemn sacrifice, the virgin throng,
Will gain the popular belief, and kindle
In the fierce soldiery religious rage.
Away, my friends, prepare the sacred rites.
[*Exit* Calippus, &c.
Philotas, thou draw near: how fares your prisoner?
Has he yet breath'd his last?
Phil. Life ebbs apace;
To-morrow's sun sees him a breathless corse.
Dion. Curse on his ling'ring pangs! Sicilia's crown
No more shall deck his brow; and if the sand
Still loiter in the glass, thy hand, my friend,
May shake it thence.
Phil. It shall, dread sir; that task
Leave to thy faithful servant.
Dion. Oh! Philotas,
Thou little know'st the cares, the pangs of empire.
The ermin'd pride, the purple that adorns
A conqueror's breast, but serves, my friend, to hide
A heart that's torn, that's mangled with remorse.
Each object round me wakens horrid doubts;
The flatt'ring train, the sentinel that guards me,
The slave that waits, all give some new alarm,

And from the means of safety dangers rise.
Ev'n victory itself plants anguish here,
And round my laurels the fell serpent twines.

Phil. Would Dionysius abdicate his crown,
And sue for terms of peace?

Dion. Detested thought!
No, though ambition teem with countless ills,
It still has charms of pow'r to fire the soul.
Tho' horrors multiply around my head,
I will oppose them all. The pomp of sacrifice
But now ordain'd, is mockery to Heav'n.
'Tis vain, 'tis fruitless; then let daring guilt
Be my inspirer, and consummate all.
Where are those Greeks, the captives of my sword,
Whose desp'rate valour rush'd within our walls,
Fought near our person, and the pointed lance
Aim'd at my breast?

Phil. In chains they wait their doom.

Dion. Give me to see 'em; bring the slaves before me.

Phil. What, ho! Melanthon, this way lead your prisoners.

Enter MELANTHON, *with* Greek *Officers and Soldiers.*

Dion. Assassins and not warriors! do ye come,
When the wide range of battle claims your sword,
Thus do you come against a single life
To wage the war? Did not our buckler ring
With all your darts in one collected volley
Shower'd on my head? Did not your swords at once
Point at my breast, and thirst for regal blood?

Greek Off. We sought thy life. I am by birth a Greek.
An open foe in arms I meant to slay
The foe of human kind. With rival ardour
We took the field; one voice, one mind, one heart;
All leagu'd, all convenanted: in yon camp
Spirits there are who aim, like us, at glory.
Whene'er you sally forth, whene'er the Greeks
Shall scale your walls, prepare thee to encounter
A like assault. By me the youth of Greece
Thus notify the war they mean to wage.

Dion. Thus then I warn them of my great revenge.
Whoe'er in battle shall become our pris'ner,
In torment meets his doom.

Greek Off. Then wilt thou see
How vile the body to a mind that pants
For genuine glory. Twice three hundred Greeks
Have sworn, like us, to hunt thee through the ranks;
Ours the first lot; we've fail'd; on yonder plain
Appear in arms, the faithful band will meet thee.

Dion. Vile slave, no more. Melanthon, drag 'em hence
To die in misery. Impal'd alive,
The winds shall parch them on the craggy cliff.
Selected from the rest let one depart
A messenger to Greece, to tell the fate
Her chosen sons, her first adventurers met. [*Exit.*

Melan. Unhappy men! how shall my care protect
Your forfeit lives? Philotas, thou conduct them
To the deep dungeon's gloom. In that recess,
'Midst the wild tumult of eventful war,
We may ward off the blow. My friends, farewell:
That officer will guide your steps.

[*All follow* Philotas, *except* Phocion.

Pho. Disguis'd
Thus in a soldier's garb he knows me not.
Melanthon!

Melan. Ha!—Those accents!—Phocion here?

Pho. Yes, Phocion here! Speak, quickly tell me, say,
How fares Euphrasia?

Melan. Ha! beware;—Philotas,
Conduct those pris'ners hence; this soldier here
Shall bear the tidings to Timoleon's camp.

Pho. Oh! satisfy my doubts; how fares Euphrasia?

Melan. Euphrasia lives, and fills the anixous moments
With ev'ry virtue. Wherefore venture hither?
Why with rash valour penetrate our gates?

Pho. Could I refrain? Oh! could I tamely wait
Th' event of ling'ring war? With patience count
The lazy-pacing hours, while here in Syracuse
The tyrants keeps all that my heart holds dear?
For her dear sake, all danger sinks before me;
For her I burst the barriers of the gate,
Where the deep cavern'd rock affords a passage.
A hundred chosen Greeks pursu'd my steps,
We forc'd an entrance; the devoted guard
Fell victims to our rage; but in that moment

Down from the walls superior numbers came.
The tyrant led them on. We rush'd upon him,
If we could reach his heart, to end the war.
But Heav'n thought otherwise. Melanthon, say,
I fear to ask it, lives Evander still?

Melan. Alas! he lives imprisoned in the rock.
Thou must withdraw thee hence; regain once more
Timoleon's camp; alarm his slumb'ring rage;
Assail the walls; thou with thy phalanx seek
The subterraneous path; that way at night
The Greeks may enter, and let in destruction
To the great work of vengeance.

Pho. Wouldst thou have me
Basely retreat, while my Euphrasia trembles
Here on the ridge of peril? She perhaps
May fall unknown, unpitied, undistinguish'd,
Amidst the gen'ral carnage. Shall I leave her
To add that beauty to the purple heap?
No; I will seek her in these walls accurst,
Ev'n in the tyrant's palace; save that life,
My only source of joy, that life, whose loss
Would make all Greece complotter in a murder,
And damn a righteous cause.

Melan. Yet hear the voice
Of sober age. Should Dionysius's spies
Detect thee here, ruin involves us all:
'Twere best retire, and seek Timoleon's tents;
Tell him, dismay and terror fill the city;
Ev'n now in Syracuse the tyrant's will
Ordains with pomp oblations to the gods.
His deadly hand still hot with recent blood,
The monster dares approach the sacred altar:
Thy voice may rouse Timoleon to th' assault,
And bid him storm the works.

Pho. By Heav'n I will;
My breath shall wake his rage; this very night,
When sleep sits heavy on the slumb'ring city,
Then Greece unsheaths her sword, and great revenge
Shall stalk with death and horror o'er the ranks
Of slaughter'd troops, a sacrifice to freedom!
But first let me behold Euphrasia.

Melan. Hush

Thy pent-up valour: to a secret haunt
I'll guide thy steps: there dwell, and in apt time
I'll bring Euphrasia to thy longing arms.

Pho. Wilt thou?

Melan. By Heav'n I will; another act
Of desperate fury might endanger all.
The tyrant's busy guards are posted round;
In silence follow; thou shalt see Euphrasia.

Pho. Oh! lead me to her; that exalted virtue
With firmer nerve shall bid me grasp the javelin,
Shall bid my sword with more than lightning's swiftness
Blaze in the front of war, and glut its rage
With blow repeated in the tyrant's veins. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Temple, with a Monument in the Middle. Enter EUPHRASIA, ERIXENE, *and other Female Attendants.*

Euph. This way my virgins, this way bend your steps.
Lo! the sad sepulchre, where hears'd in death,
The pale remains of my dear mother lie.
There, while the victims at yon altar bleed,
And with your pray'rs the vaulted roof resounds,
There let me pay the tribute of a tear,
A weeping pilgrim o'er Eudocia's ashes.

Erix. Forbear, Euphrasia, to renew your sorrows.

Euph. My tears have dry'd their source; then let me [here
Pay this sad visit to the honour'd clay
That moulders in the tomb. These sacred viands
I'll burn an off'ring to a parent's shade,
And sprinkle with this wine the hallow'd mould.
That duty paid, I will return, my virgins.
[*She goes into the tomb.*

Erix. Look down, propitious pow'rs! behold that [virtue,
And heal the pangs that desolate her soul.

Enter PHILOTAS.

Phil. Mourn, mourn, ye virgins; rend your scatter'd garments;
Some dread calamity hangs o'er our heads.
In vain the tyrant would appease with sacrifice
Th' impending wrath of ill-requited Heav'n.

Ill omens hover o'er us: at the altar
The victim dropt, ere the divining seer
Had gor'd his knife. The brazen statutes tremble,
And from the marble drops of blood distill.

Erix. Now, ye just gods, if vengeance you prepare,
Now find the guilty head.

Phil. Amidst the throng
A matron labours with th' inspiring god;
She stares, she raves, and with no mortal sound
Proclaims around, "Where Phœbus am I borne?
"I see their glittering spears; I see them charge;
"Bellona wades in blood; that mangled body,
"Deform'd with wounds and welt'ring in its gore,
"I know it well; Oh! close the dreadful scene;
"Relieve me, Phœbus, I have seen too much."

Erix. Alas! I tremble for Evander's fate;
Avert the omen, gods, and guard his life.

Enter EUPHRASIA *from the Tomb.*

Euph. Virgins, I thank you—Oh! more lightly now
My heart expands; the pious act is done,
And I have paid my tribute to a parent.
Ah! wherefore does the tyrant bend his way?

Phil. He flies the altar; leaves th' unfinished rites:
No god there smiles propitious on his cause.
Fate lifts the awful balance? weighs his life,
The lives of numbers, in the trembling scale.

Euph. Despair and horror mark his haggard looks,
His wild, disorder'd step—He rushes forth;
Some new alarm demands him!—Ev'n now
He issues at yon portal!—Lo! see there,
The suppliant crowd disperses; wild with fear,
Distraction in each look, the wretched throng
Pours thro' the brazen gates—Do you retire,
Retire, Philotas; let me here remain,
And give the moments of suspended fate
To pious worship and to filial love.

Phil. Alas! I fear to yield:—awhile I'll leave thee,
And at the temple's entrance wait thy coming. [*Exit.*

Euph. Now then, Euphrasia, now thou mayest indulge
The purest ecstasy of soul. Come forth,
Thou man of wo, thou man of every virtue.

Enter EVANDER *from the Monument.*

Evan. And does the grave thus cast me up again
With a fond father's love to view thee? Thus
To mingle rapture in a daughter's arms?

Euph. How fares my father now?

Evan. Thy aid, Euphrasia,
Has giv'n new life. Thou from this vital stream
Deriv'st thy being; with unheard-of duty
Thou hast repaid it to thy native source.

Euph. Sprung from Evander, if a little portion
Of all his goodness dwell within my heart,
Thou wilt not wonder.

Evan. Joy and wonder rise
In mix'd emotions!—Though departing hence,
After the storms of a tempestuous life,
Tho' I was entering the wish'd-for port,
Where all is peace, all bliss, and endless joy,
Yet here contented I can linger still
To view thy goodness, and applaud thy deeds,
Thou author of my life!—Did ever parent
Thus call his child before?—My heart's too full,
My old fond heart runs o'er; it aches with joy.

Euph. Alas, too much you over-rate your daughter;
Nature and duty call'd me—Oh! my father,
How didst thou bear thy long, long sufferings? How
Endure their barbarous rage.

Evan. My foes but did
To this old frame, what Nature's hand must do.
In the worst hour of pain, a voice still whisper'd me,
'Rouse thee, Evander; self acquitting conscience
'Declares thee blameless, and the gods behold thee.'
I was but going hence by mere decay
To that futurity which Plato taught,
Where the immortal spirit views the planets
Roll round the mighty year, and, wrapt in bliss,
Adores th' ideas of th' eternal mind.
Thither, oh! thither was Evander going,
But thou recall'st me; thou!

Euph. Timoleon too
Invites thee back to life.

Evan. And does he still

Urge on the siege?

Euph His active genius comes
To scourge a guilty race. The Punic fleet
Half lost is swallow'd by the roaring sea.
The shatter'd refuse seek the Libyan shore,
To bear the news of their defeat to Carthage.

Evan. These are thy wonders, Heaven! Abroad thy spirit
Moves o'er the deep, and mighty fleets are vanish'd.

Euph. Ha!—hark!—what noise is that! It comes this way.
Some busy footstep beats the ha'low'd pavement.
Oh! sir, retire—Ye pow'rs!—Philotas!—ha!

Enter PHILOTAS.

Phil. For thee, Euphrasia, Dionysius calls.
Some new suspicion goads him. At yon gate
I stopt Calippus, as with eager haste
He bent this way to seek thee.—Oh! my sovereign,
My king, my injur'd master, will you pardon
The wrongs I've done thee? [*Kneels to* Evander.

Evan. Virtue such as thine,
From the fierce trial of tyrannic pow'r,
Shines forth with added lustre.

Phil. Oh! forgive
My ardent zeal; there is no time to waste.
You must withdraw, trust to your faithful friends.
Pass but another day, and Dionysius
Falls from a throne usurp'd.

Evan. But ere he pays
The forfeit of his crimes, what streams of blood
Shall flow in torrents round! Methinks I might
Prevent this waste of nature—I'll go forth,
And to my people shew their rightful king.

Euph. Banish that thought; forbear; the rash attempt
Were fatal to our hopes; oppress'd, dismay'd,
The people look aghast, and wan with fear
None will espouse your cause.

Evan. Yes all will dare
To act like men;—their king I gave myself
To a whole people. I made no reserve;
My life was theirs; each drop about my heart

Pledg'd to the public cause; devoted to it;
That was my compact; is the subject's less?
If they are all debas'd, and willing slaves,
The young but breathing to grow grey in bondage,
And the old sinking to ignoble graves,
Of such a race no matter who is king.
And yet I will not think it; no! my people
Are brave and gen'rous; I will trust their valour.

Euph. Yet stay; yet be advis'd.

Phil. As yet, my liege,
No plan is fix'd, and no concerted measure.
The fates are busy: wait the vast event.
Trust to my truth and honour. Witness, gods,
Here in the temple of Olympian Jove
Philotas swears——

Evan. Forbear: the man like thee,
Who feels the best emotions of the heart,
Truth, reason, justice, honour's fine excitements,
Acts by those laws, and wants no other sanction.

Euph. Again, th' alarm approaches; sure destruction
To thee, to all will follow:—hark! a sound
Comes hollow murmuring thro' the vaulted aisle.
It gains upon the ear. Withdraw, my father;
All's lost if thou art seen

Phil. And, lo! Calippus
Darts with the lightning's speed across the aisle.

Evan. Thou at the senate-house convene my friends.
Melanthon, Dion, and their brave associates,
Will shew that liberty has leaders still.
Anon I'll meet 'em there: my child, farewell;
Thou shalt direct me now.

Euph. Too cruel fate!
The tomb is all the mansion I can give;
My mother's tomb! [Evander *enters the Tomb.*

Phil. You must be brief; th' alarm
Each moment nearer comes. In ev'ry sound
Destruction threatens. Ha! by Heaven this way
Calippus comes——Let me retard his speed. [*Exit.*

Euph. [*Coming forward.*] How my distracted heart
throbs wild with fear!
What brings Calippus? wherefore? save me Heaven!

Enter CALIPPUS.

Cal. This sullen musing in these drear abodes
Alarms suspicion: the king knows thy plottings,
Thy rooted hatred to the state and him.
His sov'reign will commands thee to repair
This moment to his presence.
Euph. Ha! what means
The tyrant?—I obey [*Exit* Calippus.] and, ho! ye pow'rs,
Ye ministers of Heaven! defend my father;
Support his drooping age; and when anon
Avenging justice shakes her crimson steel,
Oh! be the grave at least a place of rest;
That from his convert in the hour of peace
Forth he may come to bless a willing people,
And be your own just image here on earth. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter MELANTHON *and* PHILOTAS.

Melan. Away; no more; pernicious, vile dissembler!
Phil. Wherefore this frantic rage?
Melan. Thou canst not varnish
With thy perfidious arts a crime like this.
I climb'd the rugged cliff; but, oh! thou traitor,
Where is Evander? Thro' each dungeon's gloom
I sought the good old king: the guilt is thine;
May vengeance wait thee for it.
Phil. Still, Melanthon,
Let prudence guide thee.
Melan. Thou hast plung'd thee down
Far as the lowest depth of hell-born crimes;
Thou hast out-gone all registers of guilt;
Beyond all fable hast thou sinn'd Philotas.
Phil. By Heav'n thou wrong'st me: didst thou know,
old man——
Melan. Could not his rev'rend age, could not his vir-
His woes unnumber'd, soften thee to pity? [tues,
Thou hast destroy'd my king.
Phil. Yet wilt thou hear me?

Your king still lives.

Melan. Thou vile deceiver!—Lives!
But where? Away; no more. I charge thee, leave me.

Phil. We have remov'd him to a sure asylum.

Melan. Remov'd!—Thou traitor! what dark privacy——
Why move him thence? The vile assassin's stab
Has clos'd his days—calm unrelenting villian!
I know it all.

Phil. By ev'ry pow'r above
Evander lives; in safety lives. Last night,
When in his dark embrace sleep wrapt the world,
Euphrasia came, a spectacle of wo;
Dar'd to approach our guard, and with her tears,
With vehemence of grief, she touch'd my heart.
I gave her father to her.

Melan. How, Philotas!
If thou dost not deceive me——

Phil. No, by Heaven!
By ev'ry pow'r above—But hark! those notes
Speak Dionysius near: anon, my friend,
I'll tell thee each particular; thy king
Mean while is safe—but lo! the tyrant comes;
With guilt like his I must equivocate,
And teach ev'n truth and honour to dissemble.

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, *&c.*

Dion. Away each vain alarm; the sun goes down.
Nor yet Timoleon issues from his fleet.
There let him linger on the wave-worn beach;
Here the vain Greek shall find another Troy,
A more than Hector here. Tho' Carthage fly,
Ourself, still Dionysius here remains.
And means the Greek to treat of terms of peace?
By Heav'n, this panting bosom hop'd to meet
His boasted phalanx on the embattled plain.
And doth he now, on peaceful councils bent,
Dispatch his herald?—Let the slave approach.

Enter the Herald.

Dion. Now speak thy purpose; what doth Greece impart?

Her. Timoleon, sir, whose great renown in arms
Is equall'd only by the softer virtues
Of mild humanity that sway his heart,
Sends me his deligate to offer terms,
On which ev'n foes may well accord; on which
The fiercest nature, though it spurn at justice,
May sympathize with his.

Dion. Unfold thy mystery;
Thou shalt be heard.

Her. The gen'rous leader sees,
With pity sees, the wild destructive havock
Of ruthless war; he hath survey'd around
The heaps of slain that cover yonder field,
And, touch'd with gen'rous sense of human wo,
Weeps o'er his victories.

Dion. Your leader weeps!
Then let the author of those ills thou speak'st of,
Let the ambitious factor of destruction,
Timely retreat, and close the scene of blood.
Why doth affrighted peace behold his standard
Uprear'd in Sicily? and wherefore here
The iron ranks of war, from which the shepherd
Retires apall'd, and leaves the blasted hopes
Of half the year, while closer to her breast
The mother clasps her infant?

Her. 'Tis not mine
To plead Timoleon's cause; not mine the office
To justify the strong, the righteous motives
That urge him to the war: the only scope
My deputation aims at, is to fix
An interval of peace, a pause of horror,
That they, whose bodies on the naked shore
Lie weltering in their blood, from either host
May meet the last sad rites to nature due,
And decent lie in honourable graves.

Dion. Go tell your leader, his pretexts are vain.
Let him, with those that live, embark for Greece,
And leave our peaceful plains; the mangled limbs
Of those he murder'd, from my tender care,
Shall meet due obsequies.

Her. The hero, sir,

Wages no war with those, who bravely die.
'Tis for the dead I supplicate; for them
We sue for peace: and to the living too
Timoleon would extend it, but the groans
Of a whole people have unsheath'd his sword.
A single day will pay the funeral rites.
To-morrow's sun may see both armies meet
Without hostility, and all in honour;
You to inter the troops, who bravely fell;
We, on our part, to give an humble sod
To those, who gain'd a footing on the isle,
And by their death have conquer'd.

Dion. Be it so;
I grant thy suit: soon as to-morrow's dawn
Illume the world, the rage of wasting war
In vain shall thirst for blood: but mark my words;
If the next orient sun behold you here,
That hour shall see me terrible in arms
Deluge yon plain, and let destruction loose.
Thou know'st my last resolve, and now farewell.
Some careful Officer conduct him forth. [*Exit Herald.*
By Heav'n the Greek hath offer'd to my sword
An easy prey; a sacrifice to glut
My great revenge. Calippus, let each soldier
This night resign his wearied limbs to rest,
That ere the dawn, with renovated strength,
On the unguarded, unsuspecting foe,
Disarm'd, and bent on superstitious rites,
From ev'ry quarter we may rush undaunted,
Give the invaders to the deathful steel,
And by one carnage bury all in ruin.
My valiant friends haste to your several posts,
And let this night a calm unruffled spirit
Lie hush'd in sleep: away, my friends, disperse.
Philotas, waits Euphrasia as we order'd?

Phil. She's here at hand.

Dion. Admit her to our presence.
Rage and despair, a thousand warring passions,
All rise by turns and piecemeal rend my heart,
Yet ev'ry means, all measures must be tried,
To sweep the Grecian spoiler from the land,
And fix the crown unshaken on my brow.

Enter EUPHRASIA.

Euph. What sudden cause requires Euphrasia's presence?

Dion. Approach, fair mourner, and dispel thy fears
Thy grief, thy tender duty to thy father,
Has touch'd me nearly. In his lone retreat,
Respect, attendance, ev'ry lenient care
To sooth affliction, and extend his life,
Evander has commanded.

Euph. Vile dissembler!
Detested homicide! [*Aside.*]—And has thy heart
Felt for the wretched?

Dion. Urgencies of state
Abridg'd his liberty; but to his person
All honour hath been been paid.

Euph. The righteous gods
Have mark'd thy ways, and will in time repay
Just retribution.

Dion. If to see your father,
If here to meet him in a fond embrace,
Will calm thy breast, and dry those beauteous tears,
A moment more shall bring him to your presence.

Euph. Ha! lead him hither! Sir, to move him now,
Aged, infirm, worn out with toil and years—
No, let me seek him rather—If soft pity
Has touch'd your heart, oh! send me, send me to him.

Dion. Controul this wild alarm; with prudent care
Philotas shall conduct him; here I grant
The tender interview.

Euph. Disastrous fate!
Ruin impends!—This will discover all;
I'll perish first; provoke his utmost rage. [*Aside.*
Tho' much I languish to behold my father,
Yet now it were not fit—the sun goes down;
Night falls apace; soon as returning day—

Dion. This night, this very hour, you both must meet.
Together you may serve the state and me.
Thou see'st the havock of wide wasting war;
And more, full well you know, are still to bleed,
Thou may'st prevent their fate.

Euph. Oh! give the means,

And I will bless thee for it.

Dion. From a Greek.
Torments have wrung the truth. Thy husband, Phocion—

Euph. Oh! say, speak of my Phocion.

Dion. He; 'tis he
Hath kindled up this war; with treacherous arts
Inflam'd the states of Greece, and now the traitor
Comes with a foreign aid to wrest my crown.

Euph. And does my Phocion share Timoleon's glory?

Dion. With him invests our walls, and bids rebellion
Erect her standard here.

Euph. Oh! bless him, Gods!
Where'er my hero treads the paths of war,
List on his side; against the hostile javelin
Uprear his mighty buckler; to his sword
Lend the fierce whirlwind's rage, that he may come
With wreaths of triumph, and with conquest crown'd,
And his Euphrasia spring with rapture to him,
Melt in his arms, and a whole nation's voice
Applaud my hero with a love like mine!

Dion. Ungrateful fair! Has not our sovereign will
On thy descendants fix'd Sicilia's crown?
Have not I vow'd protection to your boy?

Euph. From thee the crown! From thee! Euphrasia's children
Shall on a nobler basis found their rights,
On their own virtue, and a people's choice.

Dion. Misguided woman!

Euph. Ask of thee protection!
The father's valour shall protect his boy.

Dion. Rush not on sure destruction; ere too late
Accept our proffer'd grace. The terms are these:
Instant send forth a message to your husband;
Bid him draw off his Greeks, unmoor his fleet,
And measure back his way. Full well he knows
You and your father are my hostages;
And for his treason both may answer.

Euph. Think'st thou then
So meanly of my Phocion?—Dost thou deem him
Poorly wound up to a mere fit of valour,
To melt away in a weak woman's tear?

Oh! thou dost little know him; know'st but little
Of his exalted soul. With gen'rous ardour
Still will he urge the great, the glorious plan,
And gain the ever honour'd, bright reward
Which fame intwines around the patriot's brow,
And bids for ever flourish on his tomb,
For nation's free'd and tyrants laid in dust.

Dion. By Heav'n, this night Evander breathes his last.

Euph. Better for him to sink at once to rest,
Than linger thus beneath the gripe of famine,
In a vile dungeon scoop'd with barb'rous skill
Deep in the flinty rock; a monument
Of that fell malice and that black suspicion
That mark'd your father's reign; a dungeon drear
Prepar'd for innocence!—Vice liv'd secure,
It flouris'd, triumph'd, grateful to his heart;
'Twas virtue only could give umbrage; then,
In that black period, to be great and good
Was a state crime; the pow'rs of genuis then
Were a constructive treason.

Dion. Ha! beware,
Nor with vile calumny provoke my rage.

Euph. Whate'er was laudable, whate'er was worthy,
Sunk under foul oppression; freeborn men
Were torn in private from their household gods,
Shut from the light of Heaven in cavern'd cells,
Chain'd to the grunsel edge, and left to pine
In bitterness of soul; while in the vaulted roof
The tyrant sat, and through a secret channel
Collected ev'ry sound; heard each complaint
Of martyr'd virtue; kept a register
Of sighs and groans by cruelty extorted;
Noted the honest language of the heart;
Then on the victims wreak'd his murd'rous rage,
For yielding to the feelings of their nature.

Dion. Obdurate woman! obstinate in ill!
Here ends all parley. Now your father's doom
Is fix'd; irrevocably fix'd.

Euph. Thy doom, perhaps,
May first be fix'd: the doom that ever waits
The fell oppressor, from a throne usurp'd

Hurl'd headlong down. Think of thy father's fate
At Cornith, Dionysius!

Dion. Ha! this night
Evander dies; and thou, detested fair!
Thou shalt behold him, while inventive cruelty
Pursues his wearied life through every nerve.
I scorn all dull delay. This very night
Shall sate my great revenge. [*Exit.*

Euph. This night perhaps
Shall whelm thee down, no more to blast creation.
My father, who inhabit'st with the dead,
Now let me seek thee in the lonely tomb,
And tremble there with anxious hope and fear. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Inside of the Temple. Enter PHOCION *and* MELANTHON.

Pho. Each step I move, a grateful terror shakes
My frame to dissolution.

Melan. Summon all
Thy wonted firmness; in that dreary vault
A living king is number'd with the dead.
I'll take my post, near where the pillar'd aisle
Supports the central dome, that no alarm
Surprise you in the pious act. [*Exit.*

Pho. If here
They both are found; if in Evander's arms
Euphrasia meets my search, the fates atone
For all my suff'rings, all afflictions past.
Yes, I will seek them—ha!—the gaping tomb
Invites my steps—now be propitious, Heaven!
[*He enters the tomb.*

Enter EUPHRASIA.

Euph. All hail ye caves of horror!—In this gloom
Divine content can dwell, the heartfelt tear,
Which, as it falls, a father's trembling hand
Will catch, and wipe the sorrows from my eye.
Thou Pow'r supreme, whose all-pervading mind
Guides this great frame of things; who now behold'st me,

Who in that cave of death art full as perfect
As in the gorgeous palace, now, while night
Broods o'er the world, I'll to thy sacred shrine,
And supplicate thy mercies to my father.
Who's there?—Evander?——Answer——tell me——
speak——

Enter PHOCION, *from the Tomb.*

Pho. What voice is that?—Melanthon!
Euph. Ha! those sounds——
Speak of Evander; tell me that he lives,
Or lost Euphrasia dies.
Pho. Heart-swelling transport!
Art thou Euphrasia? 'tis thy Phocion, love;
Thy husband comes.
Euph. Support me; reach thy hand.
Pho. Once more I clasp her in this fond embrace!
Euph. What miracle has brought thee to me?
Pho. Love
Inspir'd my heart, and guided all my ways.
Euph. Oh! thou dear wanderer! But wherefore here?
Why in this place of woe? my tender little one,
Say, is he safe? oh! satisfy a mother;
Speak of my child, or I grow wild at once.
Tell me his fate, and tell me all thy own.
Pho. Your boy is safe, Euphrasia; lives to reign
In Sicily; Timoleon's gen'rous care
Protects him in his camp; dispel thy fears;
The gods once more will give him to thy arms.
Euph. My father lives sepulchred ere his time
Here in Eudocia's tomb; let me conduct thee.
Pho. I came this moment thence.
Euph. And saw Evander?
Pho. Alas! I found him not.
Euph. Not found him there?
And have they then—have the fell murderers—Oh!
[*Faints away.*
Pho. I've been too rash; revive, my love, revive!
Thy Phocion calls; the gods will guard Evander,
And save him to reward thy matchless virtue.

Enter EVANDER *and* MELANTHON.

Evan. Lead me, Melanthon, guide my aged steps;

Where is he? Let me see him.

Pho. My Euphrasia;
Thy father lives;—thou venerable man!
Behold—I cannot fly to thy embrace.

Euph. These agonies must end me; ah, my father!
Again I have him; gracious Pow'rs! again
I clasp his hand, and bathe it with my tears.

Evan. Euphrasia! Phocion too! Yes, both are here;
Oh! let me thus, thus strain you to my heart.

Pho. Protected by a daughter's tender care,
By my Euphrasia sav'd! That sweet reflection
Exalts the bliss to rapture.

Euph. Why, my father,
Why thus adventure forth? The strong alarm
O'erwhelm'd my spirits.

Evan. I went forth, my child,
When all was dark, and awful silence round,
To throw me prostrate at the altar's foot.
And crave the care of Heav'n for thee and thine.
Melanthon there——

Enter PHILOTAS.

Euph. Philotas! ha! what means——

Phil. Inevitable ruin hovers o'er you:
The tyrant's fury mounts into a blaze;
Unsated yet with blood, he calls aloud
For thee, Evander; thee his rage hath ordered
This moment to his presence.

Evan. Lead me to him:
His presence hath no terror for Evander.

Euph. Horror! it must not be.

Phil. No; never, never:
I'll perish rather. But the time demands
Our utmost vigour; with the lightning's speed
Decisive, rapid. With the scorpion stings
Of conscience lash'd, despair and horror seize him,
And guilt but serves to goad his tortur'd mind
To blacker crimes. His policy has granted
A day's suspense from arms; yet even now
His troops prepare, in the dead midnight hour,
With base surprise, to storm Timoleon's camp.

Evan. And doth he grant a false insidious truce,

To turn the hour of peace to blood and horror?

Euph. I know the monster well: when specious seeming
Becalms his looks, the rankling heart within
Teems with destruction. Like our own mount Ætna,
When the deep snows invest his hoary head,
And a whole winter gathers on his brow,
Looking tranquillity; e'en then beneath
The fuel'd entrails summon all their rage,
Till the affrighted shepherd round him sees
The sudden ruin, the vulcano's burst,
Mountains hurl'd up in air, and molten rocks,
And all the land with desolation cover'd.

Melan. Now, Phocion, now, on thee our hope depends.
Fly to Timoleon; I can grant a passport:
Rouze him to vengenance; on the tyrant turn
His own insidious arts, or all is lost.

Pho. Evander thou, and thou, my best Euphrasia,
Both shall attend my flight.

Melan. It were in vain;
Th' attempt would hazard all.

Euph. Together here
We will remain, safe in the cave of death;
And wait our freedom from thy conqu'ring arm.

Evan. Oh! would the gods roll back the stream of time,
And give this arm the sinew that it boasted
At Tauromenium, when its force resistless
Mow'd down the ranks of war; I then might guide
The battle's rage, and, ere Evander die,
Add still another laurel to my brow.

Euph. Enough of laurell'd victory your sword
Hath reap'd in earlier days.

Evan. And shall my sword,
When the great cause of liberty invites,
Remain inactive, unperforming quite?
Youth, second youth rekindles in my veins:
Tho' worn with age, this arm will know its office;
Will shew that victory has not forgot
Acquaintance with this hand.—And yet—O shame!

It will not be: the momentary blaze
Sinks and expires: I have surviv'd it all;
Surviv'd my reign, my people, and myself.

Euph. Fly, Phocion, fly; Melanthon will conduct thee.

Melan. And when th' assault begins, my faithful cohorts
Shall form their ranks around this sacred dome.

Pho. And my poor captive friends, my brave companions
Taken in battle, wilt thou guard their lives?

Melan. Trust to my care: no danger shall assail them.

Pho. By Heav'n, the glorious expectation swells
This panting bosom! Yes, Euphrasia, yes;
Awhile I leave you to the care of Heaven.
Fell Dionysius tremble; ere the drawn
Timoleon thunders at your gates; the rage,
The pent-up rage of twenty thousand Greeks,
Shall burst at once; and the tumultuous roar
Alarm th' astonish'd world. The brazen gates
Asunder shall be rent; the tow'rs, the ramparts,
Shall yield to Grecian valour; death and rage
Thro' the wide city's round shall wade in gore,
And guilty men awake to gasp their last.
Melanthon, come.

Evan. Yet, ere thou go'st, young man,
Attend my words: tho' guilt may oft provoke,
As now it does, just vengeance on its head,
In mercy punish it. The rage of slaughter
Can add no trophy to the victor's triumph;
Bid him not shed unnecessary blood.
Conquest is proud, inexorable, fierce;
It is humanity ennobles all.
So thinks Evander, and so tell Timoleon.

Pho. Farewell; the midnight hour shall give you freedom. [*Exit with* Melanthon *and* Phil.

Euph. Ye guardian deities, watch all his ways.

Evan. Come, my Euphrasia, in this interval
Together we will seek the sacred altar,
And thank the God, whose presence fills the dome,
For the best gift his bounty could bestow,
The virtue he has giv'n thee; there we'll pour

Our hearts in praise, in tears of adoration,
For all the wondrous goodness lavish'd on us.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter DIONYSIUS *and* CALIPPUS.

Dion. Ere the day clos'd, while yet the busy eye
Might view their camp, their stations, and their guards,
Their preparations for approaching night,
Didst thou then mark the motions of the Greeks?

Cal. From the watch-tow'r I saw them; all things spoke
A foe secure, and discipline relax'd.
Their arms thrown idly by, the soldiers stray'd
To one another's tents; their steeds no more
Stood near at hand caparison'd for war;
And from the lines numbers pour'd out, to see
The spot where the besieg'd had sallied forth,
And the fierce battle rag'd; to view the slain
That lie in heaps upon the crimson breach.
There the fond brother, the afflicted father,
And the friend, sought some vestige of the face
Of him who dy'd in battle; night came on;
Some slowly gain'd their tents: dispers'd around
Whole parties loiter'd, touch'd with deep regret;
War, and its train of duties, all forgot.

Dion. Their folly gives them to my sword: are all
My orders issued?

Cal. All.

Dion. The troops retir'd
To gain recruited vigour from repose?

Cal. The city round lies hush'd in sleep.

Dion. Anon
Let each brave officer, of chosen valour,
Forsake his couch, and with deliberate spirit,
Meet at the citadel. An hour at farthest
Before the dawn, 'tis fix'd to storm their camp;
And whelm their men, their arms, and steed and tents,
In one prodigious ruin. Haste, Calippus,
Fly to thy post, and bid Euphrasia enter.

[*Exit* Calippus.

Evander dies this night: Euphrasia too
Shall be dispos'd of. Curse on Phocion's fraud,
That from my pow'r withdrew their infant boy.
In him the seed of future kings were crush'd,
And the whole hated line at once extinguish'd.

Enter EUPHRASIA.

Dion. Once more approach and hear me; 'tis not now
A time to waste in the vain war of words.
A crisis big with horror is at hand.
I meant to spare the stream of blood, that soon
Shall deluge yonder plains. My fair proposals
Thy haughty spirit has with scorn rejected.
And now, by Heav'n, here in thy very sight,
Evander breathes his last.

Euph. The truce you've granted
Suspends the rage of war: mean time send forth
The orators of peace with olive crown'd.
Timoleon, good and just, and ever willing
To conquer rather by persuasive truth,
Than by devouring slaughter, will agree
In friendly parley to assert his rights,
And compromise the war.

Dion. And must I sue
For terms of peace?—To an invader sue?
Since you, the fiend of Syracuse and Greece,
Since you thus urge me on to desp'rate daring,
Your father first—of him I'll be assur'd—
Your father meets his fate.

Euph. If yet there's wanting
A crime to fill the measure of thy guilt,
Add that black murder to the dreadful list;
With that complete the horrors of thy reign.

Dion. Woman, beware: Philotas is at hand,
And to our presence leads Evander. All
Thy dark complottings, and thy treach'rous arts,
Have prov'd abortive.

Euph. Ha!—What new event?
And is Philotas false?—Has he betray'd him? [*Aside*

Dion. Evender's doom is seal'd—What, ho! Philotas;
Now shalt thou see him die in pangs before thee.

Enter PHILOTAS.

Euph. How my heart sinks within me!
Dion. Where's your pris'ner?
Phil. Evander is no more.
Dion. Ha!—Death has robb'd me
Of half my great revenge.
Phil. Worn out with anguish,
I saw life ebb apace. With studied art
We gave each cordial drop, alas! in vain;
He heav'd a sigh; invok'd his daughter's name,
Smil'd and expir'd.
Dion. Bring me his hoary head.
Phil. You'll pardon, sir, my over-hasty zeal.
I gave the body to the foaming surge
Down the steep rock despis'd.
Dion. Now rave and shriek,
And rend your scatter'd hair. No more Evander
Shall sway Sicilia's sceptre.
Euph. Mighty gods!
The harden'd heart, the man elate with pride
View with compassion! To the bad extend
Some portion of your mercy; crimes and blood
Have made their souls a seat of desolation,
Of wo, despair, and horror! Turn to them
An eye of pity: whom your bounty form'd
To truth, to goodness, and to gen'rous deeds,
On them no more from your bright stores of bliss
You need dispense: their virtue will support them.
Dion. Now then thou feel'st my vengeance.
Euph. Glory in it;
Exult and triumph. Thy worst shaft is sped.
Yet still th' unconquer'd mind with scorn can view thee;
With the calm sunshine of the breast can see
Thy pow'r unequal to subdue the soul,
Which virtue form'd, and which the gods protect.
Dion. Philotas, bear her hence; she shall not live;
This moment bear her hence; you know the rest;
Go, see our will obey'd; that done, with all
A warrior's speed attend me at the citadel;
There meet the heroes, whom this night shall lead

To freedom, victory, to glorious havoc,
And the destruction of the Grecian name. [*Exit.*

Euph. Accept my thanks, Philotas; generous man!
These tears attest th' emotions of my heart.
But oh! should Greece defer——

Phil. Dispel thy fears;
Phocion will bring relief; or should the tyrant
Assault their camp, he'll meet a marshall'd foe.
Let me conduct thee to the silent tomb.

Euph. Ah! there Evander, naked and disarm'd,
Defenceless quite, may meet some ruffian stroke.

Phil. Lo! here a weapon; bear this dagger to him.
In the drear monument should hostile steps
Dare to approach him, they must enter singly;
This guards the passage; man by man they die.
There may'st thou dwell amidst the wild commotion.

Euph. Ye pitying gods, protect my father there!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Citadel. CALIPPUS *and several Officers.*

1st Offi. What new event thus summons us together?

Cal. 'Tis great occasion calls; Timoleon's ardour
Comes rushing on; his works rise high in air,
Advance each day, and tow'r above our walls.
One brave exploit may free us—Lo! the king.

Enter DIONYSIUS.

Dion. Ye brave associates, who so oft have shared
Our toil and danger in the field of glory,
My fellow-warriors, what no god could promise,
Fortune has giv'n us. In this dark embrace,
Lo! sleep envelops the whole Grecian camp.
Against a foe, the outcasts of their country,
Freebooters roving in pursuit of prey,
Success by war, or covert stratagem,
Alike is glorious. Then, my gallant friends,
What need of words? The gen'rous call of freedom,
Your wives, your children, your invaded rights,
All that can steel the patriot breast with valour,
Expands and rouses in the swelling heart.
Follow th' impulsive ardour; follow me,

Your king, your leader; in the friendly gloom
Of night assault their camp; your country's love,
And fame eternal, shall attend the men
Who march'd through blood and horror, to redeem
From the invader's pow'r their native land.

Cal. Lead to the ouset; Greece shall find we bear
Hearts prodigal of blood, when honour calls,
Resolv'd to conquer or to die in freedom.

Dion. Thus I've resolv'd: when the declining moon
Hath veil'd her orb, our silent march begins.
The order thus:—Calippus, thou lead forth
Iberia's sons with the Numidian bands,
And line the shore.—Perdiccas, be it thine
To march thy cohorts to the mountain's foot,
Where the wood skirts the valley; there make halt
Till brave Amyntor stretch along the vale.
Ourself, with the embodied cavalry
Clad in their mail'd cuirass, will circle round
To where their camp extends its furthest line;
Unnumber'd torches there shall blaze at once,
The signal of the charge; then, oh! my friends,
On every side let the wild uproar loose,
Bid massacre and carnage stalk around,
Unsparing, unrelenting; drench your swords
In hostile blood, and riot in destruction.

Enter an Officer.

Ha! speak; unfold thy purpose.

Offi. Instant arm;
To arms, my liege; the foe breaks in upon us;
The subterraneous path is theirs; that way
Their band invades the city sunk in sleep. [lains!

Dion. Treason's at work; detested, treach'rous vil-
Is this their promis'd truce? Away, my friends,
Rouse all the war; fly to your sev'ral posts,
And instant bring all Syracuse in arms.

[*Exeunt. Warlike Music.*

Enter MELANTHON.

Cal. Melanthon, now collect your faithful bands.

Melan. Do thou pursue the king; attend his steps:
Timoleon lords it in the captive city. [*Exit* Calippus.

Enter PHILOTAS.

Melan. Philotas, vengeance has begun its work.

Phil. The gods have sent relief; dismay, and terror,
And wild amaze, and death in ev'ry shape,
Fill the affrighted city.

Melan. Tyrant, now
Th' inevitable hour of fate is come.
Philotas, round the dome that holds Evander
We will arrange our men; there fix our post,
And guard that spot, till, like some god, Timoleon
Still the wild uproar, and bid slaughter cease. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DIONYSIUS.

Dion. Why sleep the coward slaves? All things conspire;
The gods are leagu'd; I see them raze my tow'rs;
My walls and bulwarks fall, and Neptune's trident
From its foundation heaves the solid rock,
Pallas directs the storm; her gorgon shield
Glares in my view, and from the fleet she calls
Her Greeks enrag'd.—In arms I'll meet 'em all.
What, ho! my guards; arise, or wake no more.

Enter CALIPPUS.

Cal. This way, my liege; our friends, a valiant band,
Assemble here.

Dion. Give me to meet the Greek.
Our only safety lies in brave despair. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Inside of the Temple. A Monument in the Middle.

Enter EUPHRASIA, ERIXENE, *and Female Attendants.*

Euph. Which way, Erixene, which way, my virgins,
Shall we direct our steps? What sacred altar
Clasp on our knees?

Erix. Alas! the horrid tumult
Spreads the destruction wide. On ev'ry side
The victor's shouts, the groans of murder'd wretches,
In wild confusion rise. Once more descend
Eudocia's tomb; there thou may'st find a shelter.

Euph. Anon, Erixene, I mean to visit,
Perhaps for the last time, a mother's urn.
This dagger there, this instrument of death,
Should fortune prosper the fell tyrant's arms,
This dagger then may free me from his pow'r,
And that drear vault intomb us all in peace.
[*Puts up the dagger.*
Hark! how the uproar swells! Alas! what numbers
In Dionysius' cause shall yield their throats
To the destructive sword!—Aloft I climb'd
The temple's vaulted roof; the scene beneath
Is horrible to sight; the domes and palaces
Blaze to the sky; and where the flames forbear,
The Greeks enrag'd brandish the gleaming sword.
From the high roofs, to shun the raging fire,
Wretches precipitate their fall. But oh!
No pause, no mercy; to the edge o' th' sword
They give their bodies; butcher'd, gash'd with wounds
They die in mangled heaps, and with their limbs
Cover the sanguine pavement.

Erix. Hark!

Euph. The din
Of arms with clearer sound advances. Hark!
That sudden burst! Again! They rush upon us!
The portal opens; lo! see there; behold!
War, horrid war invades the sacred fane;
No altar gives a sanctuary now. [*Warlike music.*

Enter DIONYSIUS *and* CALIPPUS, *with several Soldiers.*

Dion. Here will I mock their siege; here stand at bay,
And brave 'em to the last.

Cal. Our weary foes
Desist from the pursuit.

Dion. Tho' all betray me,
Tho' ev'ry god conspire, I will not yield.
If I must fall, the temple's pond'rous roof,
The mansion of the gods combin'd against me
Shall first be crush'd, and lie in ruin with me.
Euphrasia here! Detested, treach'rous woman!
For my revenge preserv'd! By Heav'n 'tis well;
Vengeance awaits thy guilt, and this good sword

Thus sends thee to atone the bleeding victims
This night has massacred.

Cal. [*Holding* Dionysius's *arm.*] My liege, forbear;
Her life preserv'd may plead your cause with Greece,
And mitigate your fate.

Dion. Presumptuous slave!
My rage is up in arms; by Heav'n she dies.

Enter EVANDER *from the Tomb.*

Evan. Horror! forbear! Thou murd'rer hold thy hand!
The gods behold thee, horrible assassin!
Restrain the blow; it were a stab to Heav'n;
All nature shudders at it! Will no friend
Arm in a cause like this a father's hand?
Strike at this bosom rather. Lo! Evander
Prostrate and groveling on the earth before thee;
He begs to die; exhaust the scanty drops
That lag about his heart; but spare my child.

Dion. Evander!—Do my eyes once more behold him?
May the fiends seize Philotas! Treach'rous slave!
'Tis well thou liv'st; thy death were poor revenge
From any hand but mine. [*Offers to strike.*

Euph. No, tyrant, no; [*Rushing before* Evander.
I have provok'd your vengeance; through this bosom
Open a passage; first on me, on me
Exhaust your fury; ev'ry Pow'r above
Commands thee to respect that aged head;
His wither'd frame wants blood to glut thy rage;
Strike here; these veins are full; here's blood enough;
The purple tide will gush to glad thy sight.

Dion. Amazement blasts and freezes ev'ry pow'r!
They shall not live. Ha! the fierce tide of war
[*A flourish of trumpets.*
This way comes rushing on. [*Goes to the top of the stage.*

Euph. [*Embracing* Evander.] Oh! thus, my father,
We'll perish thus together.

Dion. Bar the gates;
Close ev'ry passage, and repel their force.

Evan. And must I see thee bleed? O! for a sword!
Bring, bring me daggers!

Euph. Ha!

Dion. [*Advancing.*] Guards, seize the slave,

And give him to my rage.

Evan. [*Seiz'd by the guards.*] Oh! spare her, spare her. Inhuman villains!

Euph. Now, one glorious effort!

Dion. Let me dispatch; thou traitor, thus my arm——

Euph. A daughter's arm, fell monster, strikes the blow. Yes, first she strikes; an injur'd daughter's arm Sends thee devoted to th' infernal gods [*He falls.*

Dion. Detested fiend! Thus by a woman's hand!

Euph. Yes, tyrant, yes; in a dear father's cause, A woman's vengeance tow'rs above her sex.

Dion. May curses blast thy arm! May Ætna's fires Convulse the land; to its foundation shake The groaning isle! May civil discord bear Her flaming brand through all the realms of Greece; And the whole race expire in pangs like mine. [*Dies.*

Euph. Behold, all Sicily behold!—The point Glows with the tyrant's blood. Ye slaves, [*to the guards.*] look there; Kneel to your rightful king: the blow for freedom Gives you the rights of men! And, oh! my father, My ever honour'd sire, it gives thee life.

Evan. My child; my daughter; sav'd again by thee! [*Embraces her.*

A flourish of Trumpets. Enter PHOCION, MELANTHON, PHILOTAS, *&c.*

Pho. Now let the monster yield. My best Euphrasia!

Euph. My lord! my Phocion! welcome to my heart. Lo! there the wonders of Euphrasia's arm!

Pho. And is the proud one fallen! The dawn shall see him A spectacle for public view. Euphrasia! Evander too! Thus to behold you both——

Evan. To her direct thy looks; there fix thy praise, And gaze with wonder there. The life I gave her, Oh, she has us'd it for the noblest ends! To fill each duty; make her father feel The purest joy, the heart-dissolving bliss To have a grateful child. But has the rage Of slaughter ceas'd?

Pho. It has.

Evan. Where is Timoleon?

Pho. He guards the citadel; there gives his orders
To calm the uproar, and recall from carnage
His conqu'ring troops.

Euph. Oh! once again, my father,
Thy sway shall bless the land. Not for himself
Timoleon conquers; to redress the wrongs
Of bleeding Sicily the hero comes.
Thee, good Melanthon, thee, thou gen'rous man,
His justice shall reward. Thee too, Philotas,
Whose sympathizing heart could feel the touch
Of soft humanity, the hero's bounty,
His brightest honours, shall be lavish'd on thee.
Evander too will place thee near his throne;
And shew mankind, ev'n on this shore of being,
That virtue still shall meet its sure reward.

Phil. I am rewarded: feelings such as mine
Are worth all dignities; my heart repays me.

Evan. Come, let us seek Timoleon; to his care
I will commend ye both: for now, alas!
Thrones and dominions now no more for me.
To thee I give my crown: yes, thou, Euphrasia,
Shalt reign in Sicily. And, oh! ye Pow'rs,
In that bright eminence of care and peril,
Watch over all her ways; conduct and guide
The goodness you inspir'd; that she may prove,
If e'er distress like mine invade the land,
A parent to her people; stretch the ray
Of filial piety to times unborn,
That men may hear her unexampled virtue,
And learn to emulate THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

The GRECIAN DAUGHTER*'s compliments to all;*
Begs that for Epilogue you will not call;
For leering, giggling, would be out of season,
And hopes by me you'll hear a little reason.
A father rais'd from death! a nation sav'd!
A tyrant's crimes by female spirit brav'd!
That tyrant stabb'd, and by her nerveless arm,
While Virtue's spell surrounding guards could charm!
Can she, this sacred tumult in her breast,
Turn Father, Freedom, Virtue, all to jest?
Wake you, ye fair ones, from your sweet repose,
As wanton zephyrs wake the sleeping rose?
Dispel those clouds, which o'er your eye-lids crept,
Which our wise bard mistook, and swore you wept?
Shall she to MACCARONIES *life restore,*
Who yawn'd, half dead, and cursed the tragic BORE?
Dismissed 'em smirking to their nightly haunt,
Where dice and cards their moon-struck minds enchant?
Some muffled like the witches in Macbeth,
Brood o'er the magic circle, pale as death!
Others the caldron go about—about!
And RUIN *enters, as the* FATES *run out.*

Bubble, bubble,
Toil and trouble,
Passions burn,
And bets are double!
Double, double!
Toil and trouble,
Passions burn,
And all is bubble.

But jest apart, for scandal forms these tales;
Falsehood be mute; let justice hold the scales.
Britons were ne'er enslav'd by evil pow'rs:
To peace and wedded love they give the midnight hours.
From slumbers pure no rattling dice can wake 'em:
Who make *the laws, were never known to* break *'em.*
'Tis false, ye fear, whatever spleen may say,
That you down folly's tide are borne away.
You never wish at deep distress to sneer;
For eyes, tho' BRIGHT, *are* BRIGHTER *through a* TEAR.
Should it e'er be this nation's wretched fate,
To laugh at all that's good, and wise, and great:
Let Genius *rouse, the friend of humankind:*
To break those spells which charm, and sink the mind:
Let Comedy, *with pointed ridicule,*
Pierce to the quick each knave, and vicious fool:
Let Tragedy—*a warning to the times,*
Lift high her dagger at exalted crimes;
Drive from the heart each base, unmanly passion,
Till Virtue *triumph in despite of* Fashion.